THE great city of Bardad-on-I the Subway is caliph-ridden. Its palaces, bazaars, khans, and byways are thronged with Al Rashids in divers disguises, seeking diversion and victims for their unbridled generosity. You can scarcely find a poor beggar whom they are willing to let enjoy his spoils unsuccored, nor a wrecked unfortunate upon whom they will not reshower the means of fresh misfortune. You will hardly find anywhere a hungry one who has not had the opportunity to tighten his belt in gift libraries, nor a poor pundit who has not blushed at the holiday

door by the eleemosynary press. So then, fearfully through the harun-haunted streets creep the one-eyed calenders, the Little Hunchback and the Barber's Sixth Brother, hoping to escape the ministrations of the roving horde of caliphoid sultans.

basket of celery-crowned turkey

forced resoundingly through his

Entertainment for many Arabian nights might be had from -the histories of those who have escaped the largesse of the army of Commanders of the Faithful. Until dawn you might sit on the enchanted rug and listen to such stories as are told of the powerful genie Roc-Ef-El-Er who sent the Forty Thieves to soak up the oil plant of Ali Baba; of the good Caliph Kar-Neg-Ghe, who gave away palaces; of the Seven Voyages of Sailbad, the Sinner, who frequented wooden excursion steamers among the islands; of the Fisherman and the Bottle of the Barmecides' boarding house; of Aladdin's rise to wealth by means of his Wonderful Gas-

But now, there being ten sultans to one Sheherazade, she is held too valuable to be in fear of the bowstring. In consequence the art of narrative languishes. And, as the lesser caliphs are hunting the happy poor and the resigned unfortunate from cover to cover in order to heap upon them strange mercies and mysterious benefits, too often comes the report from Arabian headquarters that the captive refused 'to talk.'

This reticence, then, in the who perform the sad comedies of their philanthropyscourged world, must, in a degree, account for the shortcomings of this painfully gleaned tale, which shall be called "The Story of the Caliph Who Alleviated His Con-

Old Jacob Spraggins mixed for himself some scotch and lithia water at his \$1,200 oak sideboard. Inspiration must have resulted from its imbibition, for immediately afterward he struck the quartered oak soundly with his fist and shouted to the empty din-

"By the coke ovens of hell, it must be that ten thousand dol-If I can get that squared, it'll do the trick."

Thus, by the commonest artifice of the trade, having gained your interest, the action of the story will now be suspended, leavin; you grumpily to consider a sort of dull biography beginning fifteen years before.

Wher old Jacob was young Jacob he was a breaker boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine. I don't know what a breaker boy is; but his occupation seems to be standing by a coal dump with a wan look and a dinner-pail to have his picture taken for magazine articles. Anyhow, Jacob was one. But, instead of dying of overwork at nine, and leaving his helpless parents and brothers at the mercy of the union strikers' reserve fund, he hitched up his galluses, put a dollar or two in a side proposition now and then, and at forty-five was worth \$20,000,000. There now! it's over. Hardly had time to yawn, did you? I've

seen biographers that-but let us dissemble I want you to consider Jacob Spraggins, Esq., after he had ar-

rived at the seventh stage of his career. The stages meant are, first, humble origin; second, deserved promotion: third, stockholder; fourth, capitalist; fifth, trust magnate; sixth, rich malefactor: seventh, caliph; eighth, x. The eighth stage shall be left to the higher mathematics. At fifty-five Jacob retired from

active business. The income of a czar was still rolling in on him from coal, iron, real estate, oil, railroads, manufactories, and corporations, but none of it touched Jacob's hands in a raw state. It was a sterilized increment, carefully cleaned and dusted and fumigated until it arrived at its ultimate stage of untainted, spotless checks in the white fingers of his private secretary. Jacob built a \$3,000,000 palace on a corner lot fronting on Nabob avenue, city of New Bagdad, and began to feel the mantle of the late H. A. Rashid descending upon him. Eventually Jacob slipped the mantle under his collar, tied it in a neat four-in-hand and became a licensed harrier of our Mesopotamian proletariat.

When a man's income becomes so large that the butcher actually sends him the kind of steak he orders, he begins to think about his soul's salvation. Now, the various stages or classes of rich men must not be forgotten. The capitalist can tell you to a dollar the amount of his wealth. The trust magnate "estimates" it. The rich malefactor hands you a cigar and denies that he has bought the P. D. & Q. The caliph merely emiles and talks about Hammerstein and the musical lasses. There is a record of tremendous altercation at breakfast in a "Where-to-Dine-Well" tavern between a magnate and his wife, the rift within the loot being that the wife calculated their fortune at a figure \$3,000,000 higher than did her future divorcee. Oh, well. I, myself, heard a similar quarrel between a man and his wife because he found fifty cents in his pockets than he thought he had. After all, we are all human-Count Tolstoi, R. Fitzsimmens, Peter Pan, and the

Don't lose heart because the story seems to be degenerating into a sort of moral essay for intellectual readers.

There will be dialogue and stage business pretty soon When Jacob first began to compare the eyes of needles with the camels in the Zoo he decided upon organized charity. He had his secretary send a check for one million to the Universal Benevo-

lent Association of the Globe.

through a grating in front of a decayed warehouse for a nickel that you had dropped through. But that is neither here nor there. The Association acknowledged receipt of his favor of the 34th ult. with enclosure as stated. Separated by a double line, but still mighty close to the matter under the caption of "Oddities of the Day's News" in an evening paper, Jacob Spraggins read that one "Jasper Spargyous" had donated \$100,000 to the U. B. A. of G." A camel may have a stomach for each day in the week; but I dare not venture to accord him whiskers, for fear of the Great Displeasure at Washington; but if he have whiskers, surely not one of them will seem to have been inserted in the eye of a needle by that effort of that rich man to enter the K. of H. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids; signed, S. Peter, secretary and gatekeeper.

Next, Jacob selected the best endowed college he could scare up and presented it with a \$200,000 laboratory. The college did not maintain a scientific course, but it accepted the money and built an elaborate lavatory instead. which was no diversion of funds so far as Jacob ever discovered. The faculty met and invited Jacob over to come over and take his A B C degree. Before sending the invitation they smiled, cut out the C, added the proper punctuation marks, and all was well. While walking on the campus before being capped and gowned. Jacob saw two professors strolling nearby. Their voices, long adapted to indoor acoustics, un-

"There goes the latest 'chevaller d'industrie," said one of them. "to buy a sleeping powder from us. He gets his degree tomor-

designedly reached his ear.

"'In foro conscientiae,' " said "Let's 'eave 'arf a the other. brick at 'im."

Jacob ignored the Latin, but the brick pleasantry was not too hard for him. There was no mandragora in the honorary draught of learning that he had bought. That was before the passage of the Pure Food and Drugs Act. Jacob wearled of philanthropy

on a large scale.

"If I could see folks made happier." he said to himself-"If I could see 'em myself and hear 'em express their gratitude for what I done for 'em it would me feel better. This donatin' funds to institutions and societies is about as satisfactory as dropping money into a broken slot machine.

So Jacob followed his nose, which led him through unswept streets to the homes of the poor-

"The very thing!" said Jacob. "I will charter two river steamboats, pack them full of these unfortunate children and-say ten thousand dolls and drums and a thousand freezers of ice cream, and give them a delightful outing up the Sound. The sca breezes on that trip ought to blow the taint off some of this money that keeps coming in faster than I can work it off my

of his benevolent intentions, for an immense person with a bald face and a mouth that looked as if it ought to have a "Drop Letters Here" sign over it hooked a finger around him and set him in a space between a barber's pole and a stack of ash cans. Words came out of the post office slit-smooth husky words with knuckles any moment.

into-see? Mike's got de stomach ache privilege for every kid in dis made as follows: neighborhood—see? And if dere's any picnics or red balloons to be for 'em-see? Don't you butt in southeast, or something'll be handed to you. Youse d- settlers and reformyour millionaire detectives have northeast. got dis district in a hell of a fix, dents and professors rough-housing de soda-water stands and dem rubber-neck coaches fillin' de street northeast. 'fraid to go out of de houses. Now, northwest. longs to him, and he knows how Park, Va. side of de town. Are you some street northwest. wiser now, uncle, or do you want to scrap wit' Mike O'Grady for de centh street northwest. Santa Claus belt in dis district?"

Clearly, that spot in the moral street northwest. vineyard was pre-empted. So Caliph Spraggins menaced no more the people in the bazaars of the East Side. To keep down his East Side. To keep down his growing surplus he doubled his donations to organized charity, presented the Y. M. C. A. of his native town with a \$10,000 colnative town with a \$10,000 colbring peace to the caliph's heart. He tried to get a personal note into his benefactions by tipping bellboys and waiters \$10 and \$20 bills. He got well snickered at and derided for that by the minions who accept with respect gratuities commensurate to the service performed. He sought out an ambitious and talented but poor young woman, and bought 12, 4700 Sheridan street; Aline McBride, 12, 4800 Sheridan street northwest; Imma Thomas, 12, 4700 Sheridan street; Aline McBride, 12, 4800 Sheridan street northwest; Ima Sheridan street, 20, 4800 Sheridan street, Aline McBride, 12, 4800 Sheridan street northwest; Ima Sheridan stree bring peace to the caliph's heart. poor young woman, and bought street northwest; Albert Zust, 320 E street for her the star part in a new southeast.

Girls and boys up to 16 years old while his capital still kept piling addressed as follows: up, and his optikos needleorum

camelibus—or rich man's disease
—was unrelieved. In Caliph Spraggin's \$3,000,000 home lived his sister, Henrietta, blank below the Uncle Wiggily plc-who used to cook for the coal ture. miners in a twenty-five cent eat-ing house in Coketown, Pa., and drawing; \$1.50 for the second best; who now would have offered \$1 for the third best, and 50 cents ter, Cella, nineteen, back from in awarding prizes. boarding school and from being The awards made for last week's polished off by private instructors drawings went to boys and girls in the restaurant languages and who showed plainly that they had those etudes and things.

Celia is the heroine. Lest the pictures and stories. By reading the artist's delineation of her charms stories they learned that Uncle on this very page humbug your Wiggily's rheumatism crutch is al-



Bought Her a Leading Part in a New Comcuy.

bashful, brown-haired girl, with a sallow complexion, bright eyes, and a perpetual smile. She had a wholesome. Spraggins-inherited. love for plain food, loose clothing the society of the lower es. She had too much health and youth to feel the burden of wealth. She had a wide mouth that kept the peppermintpepsin tablets rattling like hail from the slot-machine wherever she went, and she could whistle hornpipes. Keep this picture in mind; and let the artist do his

Celia looked out of her window one day and gave her heart to the grocer's young man. The receiver thereof was at that moengaged in conceding immortality to his horse and calling down upon him the ultimate fate of the wicked; so he did not notice the transfer. A horse should stand still when you are lifting a crate of strictly newlaid eggs out of the wagon.

Young lady reader, you would have liked that grocer's young man yourself. But you wouldn't have given him your heart, because you are saving it for a riding master, or a shoe manufacturer with a torpid liver, or something quiet but rich in gray tweeds at Palm Beach. Oh. I know about it. So I am glad the grocer's young man was for Celia, and not for you. The grocer's young man was

slim and straight and as confident and easy in his movements as the man in the back of the magazine who wears the new frictionless roller suspenders. He wore a gray bicycle cap on the back of his head, and his hair was straw-colored and curly, and his sunburned face looked like one that smiled a good deal when he was not preaching the doctrine of everlasting punishment to delivery wagon horses. He slung imported Al fancy groceries about as though they were only the stuff he delivered at boardinghouses: and when he bicked up whip, your mind instantly recalled Mr. Tackett and his air with the buttonless foils.

Tradesmen delivered their goods at a side gate at the rear of the house. The grocer's wagon came about ten in the morning. For three days Celia watched the driver when he came, finding something new each time to admire in the lofty and almost con-temptuous way he had of tossing

around the choicest gifts of Pomona. Ceres, and the canning fac tories. Then she consulted An-

To be explicit, Annette McCorkle, the second housemaid, who deserves a paragraph herself. Annette Fletcherized large numbers of romantic novels which she obtained at a free public library branch (donated, by one of the biggest caliphs in the business). She was Celia's side kicker and chum, though Aunt Henrietta didn't know it, you may hazard a bean or two.

"Oh, canary-bird seed!" ex-claimed Annette. "Ain't it a corkin' situation? You a heiress, and fallin' in love with him on sight! He's a sweet boy, too, and above his business. But he ain't susceptible like the common run of grocers' assistants. He never pays no attention to me.' "He will to me," said Cella.

"Riches-" began Annette, unsheathing the not unjustifiable feminine sting.

"Oh, you're not so beautiful." said Celia, with her wide, disarming smile. "Neither am I; but he shan't know that there's any money mixed up with my looks, such as they are. That's fair.

Now, I want you to lend me one of your caps and an apron, Annetta."

"Oh, marshmallows!" cried An-"I see. Ain't it lovely? It's just like Lurline, the Lefthanded; or, A Buttonhole Makers Wrongs.' I'll bet he'll turn out to be a count."

There was a long hallway (or "passageway;" as they call it in the land of the Colonels) with one side latticed, running along the rear of the house. The grocer's young man went through this to deliver his goods. morning he passed a girl in there with shining eyes, sallow com-plexion, and wide, smiling mouth, wearing a maid's cap and But as he was cumbered with a basket of Early Drumhead let tuce and Trophy tomatoes and three bunches of asparagus and six bottles of the most expensive olives, he saw no more than that she was one of the

But on his way out he came up behind her, and she was whistling 'Fisher's Hornpipe" so loudly and clearly that all the piccolos in the world should have disjointed themselves and crept into their

cases for shame. The grocer's young man stop-ped and pushed back his cap until it hung on his collar button be-

"That's out o' sight, Kid," said

"My name is Celia, if you please," said the whistler, dazzling him with a three-inch smile. That's all right. I'm Thomas McLeod. What part of the house do you work in?" I'm the-the second parlor

maid. "Do you know the 'Falling Wa-"No," said Celia, "we don't

know anybody. We got rich too quick-that is, Mr. Spraggins "I'll make you acquainted," said Thomas McLeod. "It's a said Thomas McLeod. "It's a strathspey—a first cousin to a

hornpipe If Celia's whistling put the piccolos out of commission, Thomas McLeod's surely made the biggest

flutes hunt their holes. He could actually whistle bass. When he stopped Celia was ready to jump into his delivery wagon and ride with him clear to the end of the pier and on to the ferry-boat of the Charon line. "I'll be around tomorrow at 10:15," said Thomas, "with some

spinach and a case of carbonic."

"I'll practice that what-you-

may-call-it," said Celia. "I can whistle a fine second." The processes of courtship are personal, and do not belong to general literature. They should be chronicled in detail only in advertisements of iron tonics and in the secret by-laws of the oman's auxiliary of the Ancient Order of the Rat Trap. But genteel writing may contain a description of certain stages of its progress without intruding upon

park policemen. A day came when Thomas Mc-Leod and Celia lingered at the end of the latticed "passage." "Sixteen a week isn't much,"

the province of the X-ray or of

said Thomas, letting his cap rest on his shoulder blades.

Celia looked through the latticework and whistled a dead march. Shopping with Aunt Henrietta the day before, she had paid that much for a dozen handkerchiefs.

"Maybe I'll get a raise next month," said Thomas. "T'll be around tomorrow at the same time with a bag of flour and the laundry soap."

"All right," said Celia. "Annette's married cousin pays only \$20 a month for a flat in the Bronx."

Never for a moment did she count on the Spraggins money. She knew Aunt Henrietta's invincible pride of caste, and pa's mightiness as a Colossus of Cash, and she understood that if she chose Thomas she and her grocer's young man might go whistle for their living.

Another day came, Thomas violating the dignity of Nabob Avenue with "The Devil's Dream," whistled keenly between his

"Raised to eighteen a week yesterday." he said. "Been pricing flats around Morningside. want to start untying those apron strings and unpinning that cap, old girl."

"Oh, Tommy!" said Celia, with her broadest smile, "Won't that be enough? I got Betty to show me how to make a cottage pudding. I guess we could call it a pudding if we wanted to."

"And tell no lie." said Thomas. "And I can sweep and polish dust-of course, a parlor maid learns that. And we could whistle duets of evenings. "The old man said he'd raise

me to twenty at Christmas if Bryan couldn't think of harder name to call a Republican than a "postponer'," said the grocer's young man. "I can sew," said Celia; "and I

know that you must make the gas company's man show his adge when he comes to look at the meter: and I know how to put up quince jam and window "Bully! you're all right, Cele.

Yes, I believe we can pull it off on eighteen." As he was jumping into the wagon the second parlor maid braved discovery by running swiftly to the gate.

"And, oh, Tommy, I forgot," she called, softly, "I believe I could make your neckties." "Forget it," said Thomas decisively. "And another thing." she con-

tinued. "Sliced cucumbers at will drive away cocknight roaches. "And sleep, too, you bet," said r. McLeod. "Yes, I believe if I

Mr. McLeod. have a delivery to make on the West Side this afternoon I'll look in at a furniture store I know

It was just as the wagon dashed away that old Jacob Spraggins struck the sideboard with his fist and made the mysterious remark about ten thousand dollars that you perhaps remember. Which justifies the reflection that some stories, as well as life, and puppies thrown into wells, move around in circles. Painfully but briefly we must shed light on Jacob's words.

The foundation of his fortune

was made when he was twenty. A poor coal-digger fever hear of a rich one?) had saved a dollar two and bought a small tract of land on a hillside on which he tried to raise corn. Not a nubbin. Jacob, whose nose was a divining rod, told him there was a vein of coal underneath. He bought the land from the miner for \$125 and sold it a month afterward for \$10,000. Luckily the miner had enough left of his sale money to drink himself into a black coat opening in the back, as soon as he heard the news.

And so, forty years afterward, we find Jacob illuminated with the sudden thought that if he could make restitution of this sum of money to the heirs or assigns of the unlucky miner. espite and Nepenthe might be

And now must come swift action, for we have here some four thousand words and not a tear shed and never a pistol, joke, safe, nor bottle cracked. Old Jacob hired a dozen private

detectives to find the heirs, it any existed, of the old miner, Hugh McLeod.

Get the point? Of course I know as well as you do that Thomas is going to be the heir. I might have concealed the name; but why al-ways hold back your mystery till the end? I say, let it come near

the middle so people can step reading there if they want to. After the detectives had trailed the false clues about three thousand dollars-I mean miles-they cornered Thomas at the grocery and got his confession that Hugh McLeod had been his grandfather, and that there were no other heirs. They arranged a meeting

for him and old Jacob one morning in one of their offices. Jacob liked the young man very He liked the way looked straight at him when he talked, and the way he threw his bicycle cap over the top of a rosecolored vase on the center-table.

There was a slight flaw in Jacob's system of restitution. He did not consider that the act, to be perfect, should include con-fession. So he represented himself to be the agent of the purchaser of the land who had sent him to refund the sale price for the ease of his conscience.

"Well, sir," said Thomas, "this sounds to me like an illustrated postcard from South Boston with 'We're having a good time here' written on it. I don't know the game. Is this ten thousand dollars money, or do I have to save so many coupons to get it?" Old Jacob counted out to him twenty five-hundred dollar bills.

That was better he thought. than a check. Thomas put them thoughtfully into his pocket. "Grandfather's best thanks," he said, "to the party who sends it."

Jacob talked on, asking him about his work, how he spent his

leisure time, and what his ambitions were. The more he saw and heard of Thomas, the better he liked him. He had not met many young men in Bagdad so frank and wholesome.

"I would like to have you visit my house," he said. "I might help you in investing or laying out your money. I am a very wealthy man. I have a daughter about grown, and I would like for you to know her. There are not many young men I would care to have call on

"I'm obliged," said Thomas "I'm not much at making calls. It's generally the side entrance for mine. And besides, I'm en-

gaged to a girl that has the Delaware peach crop killed in the blossom. She's a parlor maid in a house where I deliver goods. She won't be working there much longer, though. Say, don't forget to give your friend my grandfather's best regards. You'll excuse me now; my wagon's outside with a lot of green stuff that's got to be delivered. See you again, sir."

At eleven Thomas delivered some bunches of parsley and lettuce at the Spraggins mansion. Thomas was only twenty-two; so, as he came back, he took out the handful of five-hundred-dollar bills and waved them carelessly. Annette took a pair of eyes as big as creamed onions to the

"I told you he was a count," she said. after relating the incident. "He never would carry on with me.'

"But you say he showed

money," said the cook. "Hundreds of thousands," said Annette. "Carried around loose

would look at me." "It was paid to me today," Thomas was explaining to Cella outside. "It came from my grandfather's estate. Say, Cele, what's the use of waiting now? I'm go-ing to quit the job tonight. Why

can't we get married next week?" "Tommy," said Celia, "I'm no parlor maid. I've been fooling you. I'm Miss Spraggins - Celia Spraggins. The newspaper say I'll be worth forty million dol-

time since we have known him. "I suppose then," said he, you'll not be marrying mé next week. But you can whistle." "No," said Celia, "Til not be

marrying you next week. My father would never let me marry a grocer's clerk. But I'll marry you tonight, Tommy, if you say Old Jacob Spraggins came

The make of it you will and the number of flat wheels it had. Jacob called for his daughter; he had bought a ruby necklace for her, and wanted to hear her say what a kind, thoughtful, There was a brief search in the

dear old dad he was. house for her, and then came Annette, glowing with the pure flame of truth and loyalty well mixed with envy and histrionics. "Oh, sir," said she, wondering if she should kneel, "Miss Celia's just this minute running away

out of the side gate with a young man to be married. I couldn't

"A millionaire, if you please, sir-a rich nobleman in disguise.

He carries his money with him, and the red peppers and the onions was only to blind us, sir. He never did seem to take to me." Jacob rushed, out in time to catch his car. The chauffeur had been delayed in trying to light. cigarette in the wind.
"Here, Gaston. or Mike, or

whatever you call yourself, scoot around the corner quicker than blazes and see if you can see a cab. If you do, run it down." There was a cab in sight a block away. Gaston, or with his eyes half shut and his mind on his cigarette, picked up the trail, neatly crowded the cab

to the curb and pocketed it. "What t'ell you doin'?" yelled

agent!" said Thomas. "Wonder what's on his conscience now.' "A thousand thunders!" said Gaston, or Mike. "I have no other match.'

"how about that parler maid you were engaged to?"

Jacob went into the office of his private secretary. "The Amalgamated Missionary

fund of \$50,000 that you bestowed upon it is past due." "Tell 'em it's been cut out." "The Scientific Society of Clam Cove, Long Island, asks for \$10 .-

specimens. "Waste basket." "The Society for Providing Healthful Recreation for Work-

ing Girls wants \$20,000 from you to lay out a golf course." 'Tell 'em to see an under-"Cut 'em all out," went on Ja-

cob. "I've quit being a good thing. I need every dollar I can scrape or save. I want you to write to the directors of every company that I'm interested in and recommend a 10 per cent cut in salaries. And say-I noticed half a cake of soap lying in a corner of the hall as I came in. I want you to speak to the scrub-woman about waste. I've got no money to throw away. And say -we've got vinegar pretty well in hand, haven't we?"

"The Globe Spice & Seasons Company," said the secretary. "controls the market at present." "Raise vinegar two cents a gatlon. Notify all our branches."

Suddenly Jacob Spraggin's plump red face relaxed into a pulpy grin. He walked over to the secretary's desk and showed a small red mark on his thick

didn't, and he ain't had the tooth three weeks-Jaky McLeod, my Celia's kid. He'll be worth a hundred millions by the time he's twenty-one if I can pile it up for

turned at the door, and said:
"Better make that vinegar raise three cents instead of two. I'll be back in an hour and sign the

The true history of the Caliph Harmon Al Karchid relates that toward t he end of his reign he wearied of philanthropy, and caused to be beheaded all his former favorites and companions of his "Arabian Nights" rambles. Happy are we in these days of enlightenment, when the only death warant the caliphs can serve on us is in the form of a

tradesman's bill.
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Ten-year-old Boy Wins First Uncle Wiggily Prize; The Herald Offers More Cash for Colorings

Jacob must have leaked some Youthful Artists Score in Competition With Older Children.

Hundreds of boys and girls competed for The Herald's cash prizes gloves on 'em, but sounding as for the Uncle Wiggily drawings if they might turn to bare this week. The winners of the contest are announced to today's "Say, Sport, do you know where Herald and another drawing to be you are at? Well, dis is Mike Colored is presented.

The awards for last week were

First prize, \$2.00, Raymond Ribdealt out here, Mike's money pays bey, 10, 433 . New Jersey avenue

ers with your social ologies and Saunders, 12, 634 Fourteenth street Third prize, \$1.00, Inez Bradford,

anyhow. With your college stu- 14, 127 Randolph place northwest. Six prizes, 50 cents each: Minnie B. Beason, 119 Fifteenth

streets, de folks down here are Anna Aschenbach, 12, 1007 L street you leave 'em to Mike. Dey be- Frances Waltmeyer, 12, Piney

to handle 'em. Keep on your ewn Percy H. Skinner, 12, 1702 First Dorothy Sheekells, 10, 80 Eight-Margaret Donovan, 10, 3619 Tenth

Honorable Mention. Billey Brockett, 5, 3303 Highland Place: lection of butterflies, and sent a check to the famine sufferers in China big enough to buy new Donovan, 13, 3619 Tenth street northwest; china big enough to buy new emerald eyes and diamond-filled Margaret Shellenberger, 13, 3614 Tenth Margaret Shellenberger, 13, 3614 Tenth Street northwest; Beatrice R. Marzolf, 12, of these charitable acts seemed to 1023 Otis place northwest; Louise Waugh, being peace to the caliph's heart.

rid of \$50,000 more of his cum- are invited to color the Uncle Wigbersome money in this philan- gily picture on this page with thropy if he had not neglected to crayon or paint. All pictures must write letters to her. But she lost be in The Herald office not later the suit for lack of evidence, than Wednesday noon, and must be

> Uncle Wiggily. Sunday Herald. Washington, D. C. Contestants should fill out the

John Mitchell only two fingers of each for the next six best. Age of her hand to shake. And his daugh- the contestants will be considered

been studying the Uncle Wiggily



"What are busters, my dear?" asked the Bunny rabbit.

Name...... Agc......

When Uncle Wiggily came back to left her a moment, while she is mousie rirl. "I want pletty busters his hollow stump bungalow one day, asleep, to run over here and have Oh, there's the other part!"

bunny rabbit gentleman to himself. for" asked Uncle W getty. "I hope that isn't either the Pip or Bester," answered Mrs. Long- bowl and blow busters with the Skee waiting for me."

then a voice said: "There he is now!" tail?" he called as he hopped on.
"Oh, I'm all right," answered the "Busters."

after having hopped all over the a little chat with Nur a Jane. I cried, and s'e join ed to something field and woods without having had thought perhaps, she might have on the mantle over the stove. an adventure, he heard voices talk- something that Squeakie-Eekie has raid Uncle Wiggiiy. "Do you wan. been asking for the last few days." me to bust that for y u?" "Hum suz dud!" thought the "What has Squeakie been t a ing

He looked around for a place to "Busters!" cried the rabbit gen- I've f und the busters!"

hide, in case it might prove to be ileman. "What are busters?" either of the bad chaps, and, just "That's just what we don't know." aid Nurse Jane. "If we did we'd to Mrs. Longtail. "She wants to get some for the little cousin mouse blow soap bubbles, and have them "Oh, ho! I should know that and stop her fretting. But Mrs. burst, or bust as she calls it, and voice! It is that of Mrs. Longtail, Longtail doesn't know what they they do tickle your nose when they the mouse lady," laughed the bunny are, nor do I, and we can't get crack open."
"She will not try to nibble any of any for Squeakie Eckie and she is "Yep! Sou my souse. How are you, Mrs. Long- just freiting ber tail off about those laughed Squeakie-Eekie. "I could-"Busters, ch!" mused Uncle Wig-

uncle wanted to know.

"I think she has a little cheese But when Uncle Wiggily had overcoat doesn't try to get inside fever, said Mrs. Longtail. "I just kissed the little cousin mouse who the vest and hide away from the fancy, take from me her author- ways red, white and blue. Youthful ______ was just beginning to get over the bunch of keys I'll tell you next ized description. She was a nice- readers are advised to follow this and Daily Herald for suggestions cheese fever, she asked him right about Uncle Wiggily up a tree. looking, awkward, loud, rather feature closely in both the Sunday that will help them in the coloring. away quick: (Copyright, 1920, by The McClure Syndicate.)

34 Contestants Honored by Judges in Selecting Best Drawings.

"Have you any busters?" "What are busters, my dear?" asked the bunny rabbit.

"Oh, they're just-busters," answered Squeakie, "and I want some terrible very much!" "But what are they like?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"They are big and round and have nothing inside," explained Squeakie. "She must mean cream puffs!" said Uncle Wiggily, "or toy circus

"I've tried both those," said Mrs.

"No." said Squeakie-Eekie. "them isn't busters. Busters', well, they've got another name but I call 'em busters 'cause they bust and tickle

wonder if she means my glasses?" said Uncle Wiggily. "They tickle my nose, sometimes, and when I let them fall they break, or 'bust' as Squeakie would say.' 'Glasses aren't busters," declared

"Well, take me and show me where they are," invited Uncle

Wiggily. So he and Squeakie took

"Some water in a bow!." answered

hold of paws and the little mouse

girl led the bunny out to the kitchen. She pointed to a cake of "That's part of a buster," she said. "A cake of soap is part of a buster," spoke the bunny slowly. 'What's the other part. Squeakie?'

the cousin nouse. 'Oh, maybe the wan's to see me wash the dishes and d op one an i break, or bust, it! Is that it?" ciled M.s. Lon tail "I mi ht find an old cracked dish to bust for you, Address..... Squeakie." "No, I don't want that" said the

> that sail up and have colors in. "Why there's an old cay pipe,"

"No! N ! Don't bust it Just blow

busters with it" cried Squeakie-Ee-

kie. 'Make some : oarcuds in the

pile. That's what I want. Hurray! "Hurray! That's what I say, too!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "I see what she means," he went on

Soap bubbles is busters!" n't think of the right name." And when Uncle Wiggily made some mouse lady who had come to pay gily. "Suppose I walk back with suds for her, the cousin mouse blew. Nurse Jane a visit. "But Squeakie you," he said to Mr. Longialil. soap bubbles and was happy; and Eekie, the cousin mouse, is not at "I'll see Squakle-Eekie and get her soon all was well again. But it all well."

"What's the trouble?" the bunny "I wish you would," said the wanted, didn't it?

cook.

in his pockets. And he never

lars some day." Thomas pulled his cap down straight on his head for the first

home at 9:30 p. m., in his motor have to surmise scrowfully; I am giving you unsubsidized fiction; had it been a street car I could have told you its voltage

stop her, sir. They went in a "What young man?" roared old Jacob.

the cabman. "Pa!" shricked Celia. "Grandfather's remorseful friend's

"Young man," said old Jacob.

A couple of years afterward old

Society solicits a contribution of \$30,000 toward the conversion of the Koreans," said the secretary. "Pass 'em up," said Jacob.
"The University of Plumville writes that its yearly endowment

000 to buy alcohol to preserve

forefinger. "Bit it," he said, "darned if he

As he was leaving, old Jac,b